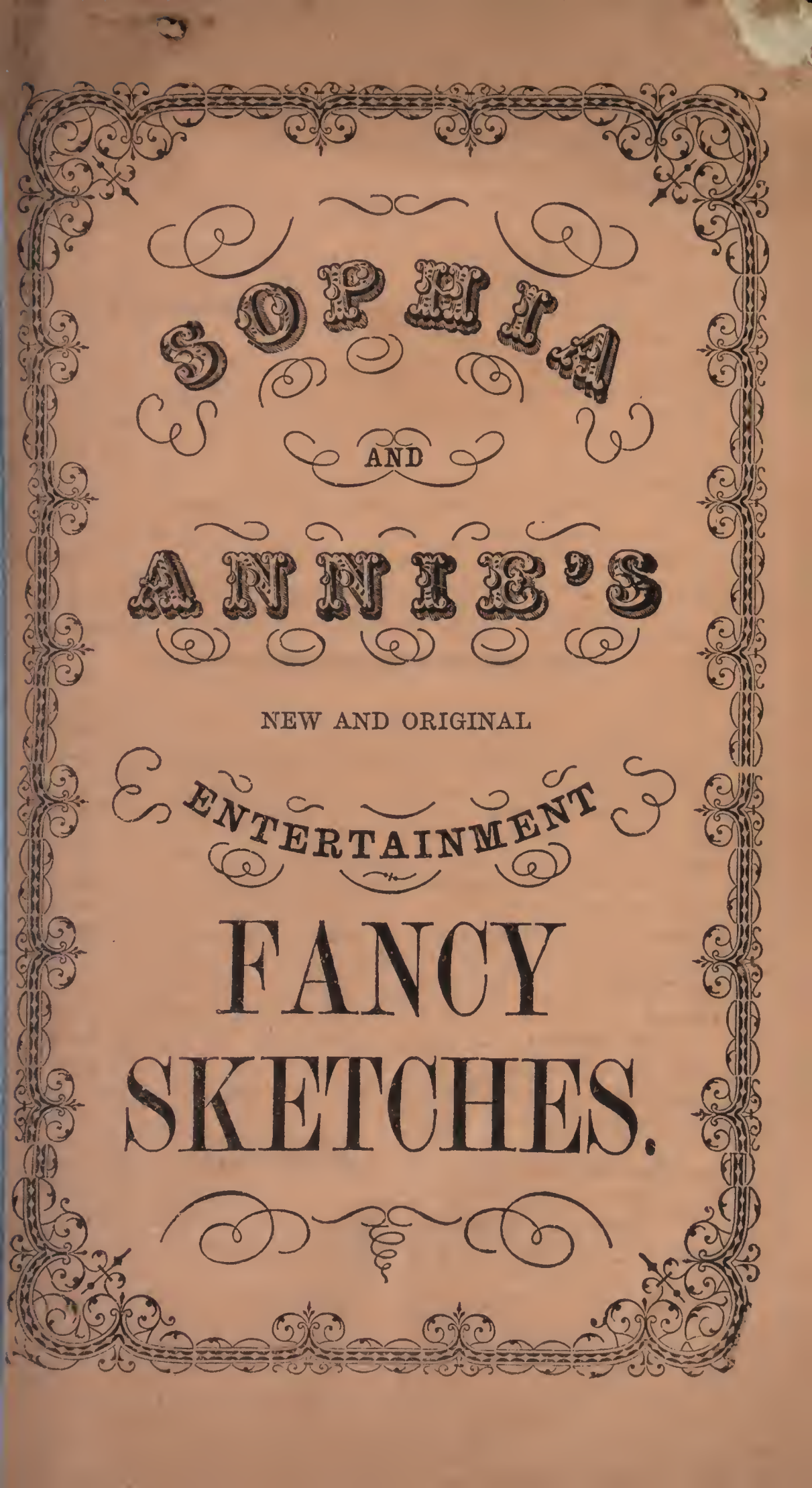




SOPHIA
AND

ANNIES

NEW AND ORIGINAL

ENTERTAINMENT

FANCY
SKETCHES.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK LIBRARY

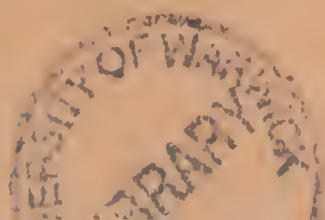
The Gift of
Mrs G.F. Hall

POLKA
INTRO
DUET
SONG...
SKETCH
SKETCH
SONG
SKETCH
SONG
SKETCH
PATTE
SKETCH
SONG.
SKETCH
SKETCH
SONG.
SKETCH
DUET

MURTIS
ANNIE
ANNIE
ANNIE
OPHIA
ANNIE
ANNIE
OPHIA
OPHIA
ANNIE
ANNIE
OPHIA
OPHIA
ANNIE
ANNIE
SOPHIA
SOPHIA
ANNIE
ANNIE

SKETCH—Theodore Hopkinson, a great tragedienne, from the Theatre Royal, Rural ... SOPHIA
SONG... 'Would I were a boy again' ... SOPHIA
SKETCH—Jenny Spinks, *alias* Lucretia Blessington, an accomplished comedienne of the same establishment ... ANNIE
CHANZONETTE ... ANNIE
SKETCH—Cinderella Anastasia J. Spry, an American cousin on her travels ... SOPHIA
SONG... 'This air a strange location' ... SOPHIA
SKETCH—Miss Rattleton Hazard, a fashionable young lady, with a penchant for the races ... ANNIE
SONG ... ANNIE
SKETCH—Mrs. Maria Wittler, proprietress of a peep-show, fortune-teller, &c. ... SOPHIA
SONG... 'I'm a merry Ziugara' ... SOPHIA
SKETCH—Josephine, a suttler to the gallant 46th, and beloved by the whole corps ... ANNIE
SONG... 'Search through the wide world' (drum accomp.) ... ANNIE

DIALOUGE.



00246603

SOPHIA & ANNIE'S
ENTERTAINMENT,
FANCY SKETCHES.

BOOK OF WORDS.

Duet... "From our merry Swiss home."...*Sophia & Annie.*

From our merry Swiss home we come, we come !

Our hearts are light and free ;

With a smile we greet every eye we meet,

Two merry hearts are we.

The live-long day we chant our lay, la, la, la,

Two merry hearts are we.

Annie—When the advent of morning appears in the sky,
We rise from our peaceful repose ;

To the valley, the mead, or the mountain we hie,

To cull each fair flowret that grows.

From our merry Swiss home, &c.

Sophia—Though humble our cot on the mountain may be,
A life of contentment we live ;

We sigh not for wealth—from its cares we are free—

For wealth cannot happiness give.

From our merry Swiss home, &c.

POLKA	...	...	...	...	...	MR. W. CURTIS
INTRODUCTION	...	...	...	...	...	SOPHIA AND ANNIE
DUET	...	...	...	...	...	SOPHIA AND ANNIE
SONG...	"The Spanish Cavalier"					ANNIE
SKETCH—	Mrs. Elizabeth Towzer, a landlady troubled about things in general, but servants in particular					SOPHIA
SKETCH—	Sarah Jane Poplin, a Chamber-maid, who thinks that Missusis are awful tyrants					ANNIE
SONG	...	...	...	...	...	ANNIE
SKETCH—	Jemima Ann Tidy, devoted to Poetry and Penny Song Books					SOPHIA
SONG OF SONGS	...	...	...	...	...	SOPHIA
SKETCH—	Miss Tabitha Chatterley, a voluble lady, particularly averse to scandal					ANNIE
PATTER SONG	...	...	...	...	...	ANNIE
SKETCH—	Mrs. Col. Woodpecker, a rigid disciplinarian, with a strong will of her own					SOPHIA
SONG...	'The captive Greek Girl'					SOPHIA
SKETCH—	Mr. Augustus Shivers, a gentleman with delicately strung nerves					ANNIE
SKETCH—	Mrs. Deborah Chickweed, a deaf old lady					ANNIE
SKETCH—	Biddy O'Toole, from Tipperary					SOPHIA
SONG...	'Paddy of Ballinacrasay'					SOPHIA
SKETCH—	The Sisters Leonora and Annette, minstrels on their own account					SOPHIA AND ANNIE
DUET...	'We are two roving minstrels'					SOPHIA AND ANNIE
SKETCH—	Theodore Hopkins, <i>alias</i> Milton de Courcy, the great tragedienne, from the Theatre Royal, Rural					SOPHIA
SONG...	'Would I were a boy again'					SOPHIA
SKETCH—	Jenny Spinks, <i>alias</i> Lucretia Blessington, an accomplished comedienne of the same establishment					ANNIE
CHANZONETTE	...	...	...	...	...	ANNIE
SKETCH—	Cinderella Anastasia J. Spry, an American cousin on her travels					SOPHIA
SONG...	'This air a strange location'					SOPHIA
SKETCH—	Miss Rattleton Hazard, a fashionable young lady, with a penchant for the races					ANNIE
SONG	...	...	...	...	...	ANNIE
SKETCH—	Mrs. Maria Wittler, proprietress of a peep-show, fortune-teller, &c.					SOPHIA
SONG...	'I'm a merry Zingara'					SOPHIA
SKETCH—	Josephine, a sutler to the gallant 46th, and beloved by the whole corps					ANNIE
SONG...	'Search through the wide world' (drum accomp.)					ANNIE

DIALOUGE.

00246603

SOPHIA & ANNIE'S
ENTERTAINMENT,
FANCY SKETCHES.

BOOK OF WORDS.

Duet...“ From our merry Swiss home.”...*Sophia & Annie.*

From our merry Swiss home we come, we come !
Our hearts are light and free ;
With a smile we greet every eye we meet,
Two merry hearts are we.
The live-long day we chant our lay, la, la, la,
Two merry hearts are we.

Annie—When the advent of morning appears in the sky,
We rise from our peaceful repose ;
To the valley, the mead, or the mountain we hie,
To cull each fair flowret that grows.

From our merry Swiss home, &c.

Sophia—Though humble our cot on the mountain may be,
A life of contentment we live ;
We sigh not for wealth—from its cares we are free—
For wealth cannot happiness give.

From our merry Swiss home, &c.

Song...“ The Spanish Cavalier.” ...*Annie.*

I saw a Spanish cavalier sitting beneath a tree,
 And he sung to his maiden dear the song I'll sing to thee :
 More dearly I prize the light of those eyes,
 That so kindly beam on me, love,
 Than the light that flies through earth and the skies
 On a bright and sunny day, love.
 Others love dearly, I love sincerely
 A faithful heart like thine, love.
 Though friendship's warm smile may cheer thee awhile,
 Believe me there's nothing like love ;
 For more dearly I prize the light of those eyes
 That so kindly beam on me, love,
 Than the light that flies through earth and the skies
 On a bright and sunny day, love.

Now brightly as the evening star the maiden's eye glisten'd,
 And as he struck his gay guitar, how fondly she listen'd :
 Then say, dearest, say, when I'm far away,
 Wilt thou sometimes think of me, love ?
 For though the bright day may still fade away,
 Yet I will ne'er forget thee, love.
 To the wars I go, to meet the proud foe,
 I'll fight for Spain and thee, love ;
 But should I fall, my last sigh shall call
 Blessings from Heaven on thee, love.
 For more dearly I prize, &c.

Song...“ Why doesn't he speak ?” ...*Annie.*

I've a sweetheart, who's kind and attentive,
 But who gives me a deal of concern ;
 For this youth is so timid and bashful,
 His intentions I yet have to learn.

Not a word has he whisper'd of marriage,
 Though he calls every day in the week :
 What on earth is the cause of his silence ?
 Do tell me—why doesn't he speak ?

One would think me a ghost, or a griffin,
 Since I frighten the man in this way ;
 Yet I treat him with all condescension,
 And I study each word that I say.
 All my pains are bestowed to small purpose
 Upon one who's so mild and so meek :
 How he blushes, and stammers, and trembles !
 How he sighs !—but why doesn't he speak ?

Six months have passed on in such courtship,
 And I find that he's ever the same ;
 His conduct is most aggravating,
 For he's only a sweetheart in name.
 I don't doubt but he loves me most truly,
 Then what comes he hither to seek ?
 If a wife—why, I'm ready to wed him :
 Good gracious ! why doesn't he speak ?

“ Song of Songs.”—*Sophia*.

‘ There is a flower that bloometh’—‘ ’tis the mem’ry of the past,
 I knew a man named ‘ Johnny Sands,’ but he was much too fast ;
 The ‘ Young Recruit’ was far too tall, and so was ‘ Peter Gray,’
 ’Twas the ‘ Young man from the country’ took me in his ‘ One-
 horse shay,’

And he trotted far away, in the little one-horse shay,
 Till I thought I should not come home any more ;
 And we trotted far away, with such lots of tolls to pay,
 It really was a nuisance and a bore.

I always knew the 'Power of love,' 'In our old house at home,'
 When I sailed away from 'Dublin bay,' across the ocean foam.
 But 'In a cottage by the sea' I'd live, no matter why,
 Or if I could not get the cot, in a 'Garret near the sky,'
 I should live so very high, in a garret near the sky,
 My lot, I'm sure, I never should deplore ;
 For no noises would me greet, from the nasty London street,
 And I should not hear the knockings at the door.

"Patter Song.".....*Annie.*

What with laughing and talking, and shopping and walking,
 From day to day, my time is taken up so,
 That I scarcely know wherever to go ;
 And friends are so spiteful, they say things so frightful,
 And so very so,
 That really I scarcely dare go to a show—oh dear, no !
 Or the races, for fear they should know.
 They watch all my movements so sily,
 That they make me turn artful and wily ;
 And all their grand secrets I know,
 And their doings are very so so,
 As I've seen through a screen, at the side of my window, you
 know.

People come to the races, and show off such graces,
 Lawk-a-daisy me !
 You'd think they were somebody fine,
 They cut such a shine, with their servants and wine,
 They ogle and chatter, and make such a clatter.
 It amazes me
 To see with what gusto they dine—eating fine,
 Drinking wine out of goblets of silver that shine.
 Do they pay for those things now, I wonder ?
 The Browns would not make such a blunder ;
 For they have long credit, I know,
 And their payment of bills is so slow—that I know, very slow,
 For their pockets of money are low.

Song... "The Captive Greek Girl" ...*Sophia.*

Oh, the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,
 A wave of the ocean—a bird on the wing :
 A riderless steed, o'er the desert plain bounding—
 A peal of the storm, o'er the valley resounding.
 It spurns at all bonds, and it mocks the decree
 Of the world and its proud ones, and dares to be free.
 Oh, the heart may be tamed by a smile or a tone
 From the eye or the lip of a beautiful one ;
 But the frown and the force, with its impulse contending,
 Ever find it as adamant, cold and unbending :
 It may break, it may burst, but its tyrants will see,
 That even in ruin it dares to be free !
 Oh, the heart, &c.

Song..... "Paddy of Ballinacrasay."*Sophia.*

Oh, the other day, while walking out,
 And feeling quite onasey,
 Because I had not had a note
 From Paddy of Ballinacrasay ;
 I then began to think of home,
 My tears they were a-fallin',
 When sure as I stand here this night,
 I hard a sweet voice callin',
 "Oh Katty dear, now just come here,
 Bedad I feel half crazy ;
 You never more shall parted be
 From Paddy of Ballinacrasay."

Says I, "Och, Pat, what can you mane ?"
 Says he, "Don't be onaisy,
 For sure I've got one hundred pound
 From me uncle in Ballinacrasay :
 I'll buy a pig, and praties too,
 And a cow we'll all call Daisy,

And sure we'll both be made just one,
 By the Praist of Ballinacrasay :
 Och, Katty dear, you need not fear,
 Or feel at all onaisy ;
 You'll find a thrue and constant heart
 In Paddy of Ballinacrasay."

So Pat has gone to buy the ring,
 And to spake to Father Casey ;
 And when we both are man and wife,
 We'll be off to Ballinacrasay :
 And when we're wed, our friends will come,
 And the fiddler, old M'Phasey ;
 And the girls shall dance, and wish long life
 To the pair of Ballinacrasay.
 Then three cheers for poor old Ireland's sake,
 May money come quite aisey,
 Till all the boys and girls are rich,
 Who live in dear Ballinacrasay.

Duet... "We are two roving minstrels"...*Sophia & Annie.*

We are two roving minstrels,
 And gaily we can sing,
 By night or day, where e'er we stray,
 We strike the tuneful string ;
 We've cheerful strains for rustic swains,
 And songs for beauty's ear :
 Where e'er we roam, we find a home
 With peasant or with peer.

Sophia—I can sing of warriors bold,
 And gallant knights, who fought for glory.

Annie—I can sing of days of old,
 Of warriors brave, who shine in glory.
 We've cheerful strains, &c.

Song... "Oh, would I were a boy again !" ...*Sophia.*

Oh, would I were a boy again !

When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain,

Was wept away in transient tears :
When every tale hope whisper'd then,

My fancy deemed was only truth :
Oh, would that I could know again

The happy visions of my youth !

Oh, would I were, &c.

'Tis vain to mourn that years have shown

How false these fairy visions were,

Or murmur that mine eyes have known

The burthen of a fleeting tear.

But still the heart will fondly cling

To hopes no longer prized as truth ;

And memory still delights to bring

The happy visions of my youth.

Oh, would I were, &c.

Chansonnette... "Non, Monsieur" ...*Annie.*

Oh ! dis moi jeune fille, jeune fille aux amours,

Si tu veux, ma gentille, je t'aimerai toujours ?

Laisse là ta misère, ah ! viens dans mon palais,

Où tu n'auras, bergère, ni crainte, ni regrets, viens !

Non, non Monsieur, qui me dites gentille,

Car je suis pauvre fille, et j'ai promis mon cœur.

Oh ! dis moi jeune fille, jeune fille aux amours,

Si tu veux, ma gentille, je t'aimerai toujours ?

Je te ferai Baronne, noble dame à la cour,

Je t'offre ma couronne, pour ton cœur en retour ;

Non, non Monsieur, qui me dites gentille,

Car je suis pauvre fille, et j'ai promis mon cœur.

Song... "This air a strange location." ...*Sophia.*

 This air a strange location,
 This air the queerest nation
 As ever gal was in, I really do declare ;
 Far fitter for a monkey land,
 It can't come up to Yankee land ;
 For to be in Broadway, oh, how you would stare !
 'T aint no use for your oraters to spout,
 'T aint no use for your oraters to spout,
 No, it really is surprisin'—to me it is surprisin',
 For you Britishers to try and do the grand.

 What air your manufactors,
 Who air your greatest actors ?
 Up to us I guess you'll never come ;
 It's no use to be tryin',
 For there's no denyin'
 Our Constitution 's sure to strike you all quite dumb.
 'Guess you're beat in every pursuit,
 Yes, you're beat in every pursuit.
 To see you advertising—it really is surprising
 For you Britishers to try and do the grand.

Song... " Old Towler" ...*Annie.*

Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the thorn ;
 The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
 The lark springs from the corn.
 Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
 Fleet Towler leads the cry,
 Arise ! the burden of my song,
 This day a stag must die.
 With a hey, ho, chivy,
 Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy !

The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail;
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up the gale;
 The upland winds they sweep along,
 O'er fields, through brakes they fly;
 The game is rous'd, too true the song,
 This day a stag must die.
 With a hey, ho, &c.

Cavatina.....“ I'm a merry Zingara”.....*Sophia*.

I'm a merry, merry Zingara,
 From a golden clime I come;
 My passport is my light guitar,
 Wheresoe'er my footsteps roam.
 I sing of love at castle gate,
 And happy fortunes tell;
 I read in the stars the coming fate
 Of bachelor and belle.
 Tra la, la, la,
 Where e'er I call, I've a smile for all,
 The merry Zingara has a smile for all.

 From my fatherland I'm far away,
 And my couch is in some bower,
 Where calm I sleep till dawn of day,
 My pillow the wild, wild flower.
 By twilight grey, at cottage door,
 When lovers I surprise,
 I tell how two young hearts adore,
 And read it in their eyes.
 Tra la, la, la,
 Where e'er I call, I've a smile for all,
 The merry Zingara has a smile for all.

Song... "Search through the wide world"...*Annie.*

Search through the wide world, where can ye find
 Heroes so daring, comrades so kind ?
 Pocket-full or penniless, go where you may,
 All are proud to serve you well, heedless of pay.
 Men look with envy, ladies with delight,
 On the corps resistless in love as in fight.
 Matchless in fame, foremost in glory ;
 In the camp, in the grove, on the field of war,
 There is not in the world such a gallant corps.
 War sounds the trump, to your standard ye fly ;
 Victory's wreath must be your's, or ye die.

Brave sons of battle, hear the decree,
 Live ye but long enough, Generals ye will be.
 Heedless of danger, onward ye go,
 Loved by the beautiful, feared by the foe.
 Show but your colours—all own their sway ;
 Yours 'tis to conquer all—theirs to obey.
 Matchless in fame, &c.

DIALOGUE.

